

by the Puritans, is undoubtedly the Father of Masonry—one of the first Grand Masters, who presided over the early commencement of the earth and invented the sacred emblems, or tools, of the Order. The huge locks of the great Grand Sire, as well as his beard, are both green—very green—always young and holding on well, in spite of stormy winters, on the hard epidermis. But, as we get close to the Half-Way House, upon the Man's Field, so steep now, we lose sight of the great features, and have to somewhat crawl our way upward through the under—and over—bush lining both sides of the road. Diminutive beings, perhaps, find it also hard to go through the locks of some of our kind—as they try to get to their individual summits.

We get to the Half-Way-House, where saddled mules and horses have now to be used, just in time to escape a heavy storm, made bright with lightning, noisy with thunder peals, and diluvial showering. Eight others, ladies and gentlemen, preceding us have to encounter it and submit to their unlucky lot. Our young daughter and self have to wait half-an-hour for a clear sky, and then we leap in the saddle and allow ourselves to be guided by a pack-mule loaded with the baggage of the deluged party above. A narrow pathway, excessively steep almost all along, presents itself to our romantic mind and expectations. The leading mule, aware of her favored position, would rather often stop and clip with her sharp and grinning teeth, the leaves on the way. Past her we could not get, as she invariably then would make herself transversal or show kicking dispositions. Two miles nearly we made or climbed in that fashion, the sure footed animals we rode showing, nevertheless, signs that the up journey had an effect on their muscles and lungs. The deep chasms and endless gullies attracting the eye and person downward which here and there were not hidden by trees or